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LITTLE FOLKS

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S. E. CASSINO, Publisher, Boston and Salem, Mass.

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LITTLE FOLKS.

EDITED BY

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S. E. CASSINO, Publisher, Boston, Mass.

A WAYFARER.

The First Prize "C," Class "Beautiful," in the Prize Photograph Competition, was awarded, for this photograph, to Louis T. Jansen, Buffalo, N. Y.

LITTLE FOLKS

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THE HORSE-RADISH MAN'S HORSE.

MINTY sat on the edge of the old hatchway door, with the baby by her side. He was a big fat baby, and he was very warm.

It was a hot forenoon everywhere. Minty and her folks lived in some upper rooms of the big corner store, where her father was porter. There was no nice sidewalk there, only the hot brick pavement. The coolest place in the forenoon was on the big cellar door, close up in the shade of the tall building. Minty could take the baby down and sit there, and look across into the other street where there were trees and real houses, and where the cars ran up and down every ten minutes.

This forenoon it was hot even on the cool cellar door. The bricks felt like fire to her bare feet. The baby leaned up against her, his little face red and moist.

Minty could have gone in, but she would not, because she was so afraid that the Horse-radish Man's horse would get on the street-car track and be run over. The Horse-radish Man had left him standing there, on the shady cross-street, for hours and hours, it seemed to Minty.

He was hitched to a little old wagon, and in the wagon there was a big fiery red umbrella spread high over the seat, with "Horse-radish" printed on it in great tall white letters.

The old horse hung his head lower and lower, he was so warm and tired, and every little while he stepped nearer the track. Minty wished she could get him a drink; it might be that he would stand still, then.

But if she *should* put down the baby and go up stairs, and set

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the big tin pail under the faucet, to fill it, her mother would say, "Go right back to the baby, Minty Dell Biggins! What are you doing with that pail?" She would not let Minty carry a pail of water to a horse.

The horse might step on Minty's feet, too, or bite her, for he would not know that she was coming to help him.

The cold chills went right down Minty's little tired heated back when she thought of this.

And the old horse nodded and blinked, and he edged nearer and nearer still to the car track.

And the up-cars went humming by and the down-cars went humming by.

One was full of cross, warm people, all complaining about the weather; and another car was full of jolly people, all laughing and fanning as hard as they could; but Minty was too anxious to notice them at all.

For the old horse had his nose almost—over—the—track.

The up-car's motorman twisted his neck around, to look at the horse, and he laughed—Minty heard him—and he said something to the newsboy on the platform and the newsboy laughed too—when he might have got off and moved the poor horse!

Minty feared that the down-car motorman would not care what dreadful thing he did. Her mother had often told her that he would run over a little girl quick as a wink, if she did not keep out of his way. And of course he would not care for the Horse-radish Man's horse, nor his old wagon, nor his umbrella.

In three minutes the down-car would be whizzing down—and there was the old horse, now, standing right across the track, and he looked as though he had gone fast asleep.

"Horsey, do go back—back!" screamed Minty, but he would not budge.

"Oh, baby, I'll have to leave you right here— darling baby! Goodby, baby!" said Minty. And then she flew across into the cross-street, and she took hold of the horse's reins, close to his great mouth, and she pulled and turned with all her strength, for she heard the car coming nearer and nearer.

IT WAS A HOT FORENOON EVERYWHERE.

"Oh, horsey, do come quick!" begged Minty; and just then the old horse woke out of his dream, and almost stepped on Minty's bare feet, and she gave another turn and pull, and suddenly he moved along, and after him came the wagon; and there they were, clear off the track, just as the down-car rolled by. And the motorman looked back at Minty and nodded and smiled, and touched his cap, and said, "Thank you, little girl! *You're* all right!"

The baby did not mind it at all—being left on the hot sidewalk, and Minty caught him up and kissed him all over his pink head. "Oh, baby; I'm so glad!" she said. "And the motorman is a *good* motorman—he was so glad horsey didn't have to be run over!"

Then the Solomon boy came down his steps,—he lived in the first house at the corner on the cross-street—and he said, "What'll the Man give you? What'd you do it for?"

And Minty said, "He won't give me anything, and I just did it because I wanted to."

By and by the Man came back. His basket was empty, for he had sold all his horse-radish. He had a jolly round red face, and he climbed up to his seat under the big red umbrella and drove away, looking very happy, with the old horse trotting briskly, after his good nap.

Lucia Chase Bell.

THE BABY'S WALK.

MY Papa took me out to walk—
I thought it would be sport,
But Papa's legs are very long,
And mine are very short;
And my Papa began to talk,
And my Papa forgot
He had a Baby out to walk—
Oh, how I had to trot!

My Papa went on fast and fast—
He dragged me like a cart!
I ran so that my little bones
Felt coming all apart!
My Papa like a Giant walked—
He walked with great long stride!
I didn't just know how to fly,
And I fell down and cried!

" 'D LIKE TO TELL HIM !"

My Papa thinks it strange I'm tired
With such a little walk!
I'd like to tell my dear Papa
If I knew how to talk—
I'd like to tell him when he says,
"It's strange how tired you are!"
I goed ten times as much as he
In going just as far!

L. E Johnson.

"IT DON'T TICK!" "YES, IT DOES TOO!"

THE GERTRUDE-BIRD.

IT was bitterly cold. The wind blew a hurricane, whistling and moaning around a little house that stood by itself at the edge of a wood. The snow had covered the trees, the fences, the wood-pile and the cow-shed, with a thick white blanket.

As the daylight faded and twilight came on, a little old woman in a red cap, who had been watching the storm from the window, turned to the hearth and began to get ready for her supper. She mixed some coarse meal with water, rolled out a cake, and was just putting it to bake, when the outer door opened and a stranger entered, bidding her good evening.

He was an old man, with long flowing beard and piercing eyes. His cloak was powdered with snowflakes and he shivered with the cold. He came up to the fire, shivering, and begged that he might share her evening meal.

Old Gertrude took from the coals the cake she had just made. "'Tis too large to give away," she muttered to herself.

She laid it on the shelf, and turning to her dough, she made a smaller cake. But this, too, when baked, seemed too large to

give to a stranger, and it was laid on the shelf. Then she took a tiny scrap of dough, rolled it thin as a wafer, and baked it.

"My cakes seem small when I eat them myself," she said, as she looked at it, "yet they're every one too large to give away," and even this tiny scrap of a cake was placed on the shelf.

Now the stranger grew angry, for he was hungry and faint.

"Woman," he said, "you are too selfish to dwell in human form! You deserve not food, nor shelter, nor fire to keep you warm. Henceforth you shall seek your food as the birds do!"

THE GERTRUDE-BIRD.

With a wave of the stranger's hand the little old woman flew up the chimney and came out at the top a woodpecker, and ever since that day she and her descendants have been flying from tree to tree, boring and boring for their scanty food. You may see her any day, with the little red cap still on her head, although the rest of her clothes were burnt black by the flames in the chimney.

Away over in cold Norway, in the long evenings when the children gather around the blazing fires, this is one of the stories the good old grandmothers tell; and next day when the boys and girls on their way to school see a woodpecker hopping about the trunk of a tree, boring with its long beak for a worm, they say: "See! there's the Gertrude-bird—the stingy old woman who refused a bit of cake to a stranger!"

Evalena I. Fryer.

DOROTHY'S BEHAVIOR REPORTS.

"I don't know what we can do with Dorothy!" said Dorothy's Grandma one night to Dorothy's Aunt Lucy. "I don't like to keep saying 'don't! don't!' all the time while she is visiting us. But she is certainly a most trying child."

"And yet she is so bright and pretty, and she *can* be *so* good!" said Aunt Lucy, sighing. "Perhaps she will turn over a new leaf soon—she is only eight!"

"Dorothy dear," said Dorothy's Grandma the next day, "what shall Aunt Lucy and I do to make you a better little girl? We want you to improve, and not to keep right on being careless and being naughty."

Dorothy hung her head and wriggled about in the little rocking-chair that used to be her mother's. She knew she was not a very good little girl; her face was dirty, her pretty hair was half uncurled, and she hid her hands under her tumbled white apron, so Grandma would not see them.

"I don't know," said Dorothy, at last.

"Aunt Lucy and I have been thinking of making a list of the ways you have which we do not like," said Grandma. "We shall want you to read the list over every morning and then try very hard all the day to be a different little girl. What do you think of the plan, Dorothy?"

"It might be a good one, Grandma," said Dorothy soberly.

Just before tea, Dorothy came to Grandma and handed her a written paper.

"I have made a list, myself, Grandma," she said, "I have put down all the things I could think of."

DOROTHY'S LIST.

Table manners.
Brush teeth.
Talking manners.
Agreeable ways.
Writing manners.
Kind thoughts.
Neater in dress.
Clean hands.
Clean face.
Combing hair.
Clean nails.
Shut doors.

Grandma and Aunt Lucy smiled when they read the "things" set down so honestly in Dorothy's big upright writing.

"It is a very good list," said Grandma. "Every night after tea, bring it, and Aunt Lucy and I will go over it with you, and tell you how to mark it."

"Will 10 stand for perfect?" asked Dorothy.

"Yes. I hope there will be a great many tens," answered Grandma.

Dorothy ran off, to play, and the door did not bang very hard.

DOTOTHY.

Dorothy greatly enjoyed making her Behavior Reports, and she tried hard to have all the ten-marks she could. There was never a day without some tens, but rarely if ever did *all* the items on any one day have "ten."

Every night she would bring the Report and consult about it with her Grandma and Aunt. "'Table manners'—I can not put down ten to-night for that, Auntie, for I did forget to use my napkin. I *think* I have had 'kind thoughts' all day," Dorothy would comment.

"I am sorry to say I have heard doors bang, several times," Grandma would say. "But I have been very much pleased to see nice 'clean finger nails.'"

Grandma and Aunt Lucy both tried to help little Dorothy, and at last she seldom had many bad marks. She took great

pride in having good Reports, and she sent one home to her mama and papa each week.

Now and then Dorothy added "things" to her list. "*Cross car-track right in front of house*," was one, and "*Do not get feet wet*," was another; for the cars went much faster below the house where Dorothy liked best to cross, than they did where she was told to go. And Grandma and Aunt Lucy had said that they felt sure that any careful little girl would not get her feet and ankles wet two or three times in one day.

Dorothy stayed two months at her Grandmother's and never gave up making her Reports, and she grew to be a very much more pleasing little girl, and her mother was delighted to welcome home such a very lady-like little daughter.

This is a true story, and I have one of Dorothy's Behavior Reports before me as I write.

Elizabeth Robinson.

TEDDY'S HORSES.

TEDDY has the prettiest little stable in the world. It is on the left side of the yard, and was built for his mother's summer-house. But Teddy's mother does not often sit out of doors, so she gave it to Teddy for a play-house.

It has six sides, latticed and painted green, and is covered with vines and flowers. In front there is a climbing white rose; at the back is coral honeysuckle, and the sides have blue and white wistaria.

Inside, the long bunches of wistaria blooms hang right over the horses' heads. Teddy says they look like flower-grapes.

The horses are hitched all around to nails driven in the walls; each horse has a bridle fastened to his neck. There are eleven horses in all; some are chestnut-brown, one is white, and one is a dark bay. Teddy's father cut them for him up in the woods behind the house.

Teddy can ride well on a live horse, and he has a beautiful red saddle of his own. But his mother will not let him go off alone, so for play he rides the stick-horses.

Every morning Teddy goes to the stable and feeds his horses. In the winter he gives them dried leaves and, sometimes, corn. In the summer he lets them have fresh grass and clover.

After they have eaten, he rides one and leads another down to the "branch," until they all have had water. Then he rubs them well with a corn-cob for a curry-comb, and gets them clean and shining.

There is one heavy knotted stick which is the old work-horse. His name is "Suggs," and Teddy pretends to haul hay and fodder with him. The black horse is "Black Beauty," of course; and there is a dear little one which is a colt, named "Billie." Teddy rides "Billie" every day to "break" him, and the way that colt does cut up! Teddy gives him salt or sugar before he gets on, and pats and coaxes him, but he has thrown Teddy twice already. When he does that, Teddy quickly jumps on again, and gallops "Billie" about the yard as hard as he can, to teach him that he must not throw his rider.

The handsomest one is "Mary Ellen," Teddy's fine riding horse which his father brought him from Richmond. She has a black body, a gray head, and a long, wavy, black mane. Her head is made of cloth and stuffed, and her mane is fringe. She wears a bridle of black leather and red braid, with a tiny bell in the middle of her forehead. You can tell by her white button eyes that she is very wild. She rears and prances and kicks up with Teddy, but she does not get him off.

Teddy rides "Mary Ellen" for pleasure, or when he goes visiting; but when his mother tells him to go down to the meadow and drive up the cows, he runs to the stable for a plain, gentle pony, and they go trotting off. If he is sent with a note over the hill to Auntie's, he generally rides "Beauty" or "White Rose."

One day two little boys came to see Teddy; his blue-eyed cousin Jamie from over the hill, and a brown-eyed fat boy named Dudley who also lived over the hill.

JAMIE RAN TOO FAST TO GET THE RINGS.

After luncheon, Teddy' mother said that they might have a tournament.

They knew all about "tournaments," because the week before they had been to see the one which the young men had had in town.

So Mandy, the colored girl, tacked some thin, wooden strips to the top of three of the low fence posts, and Teddy's mother lent them three brass curtain rings to hang on the ends of the strips; they got their own long poles to push at the rings, and Teddy lent the boys two of his horses.

Because Dudley was "company" he let him have "Mary Ellen;" Jamie rode "Beauty," who was safe for a strange rider, and Teddy rode the frisky "Billie"—Teddy said "Billie" had just as well be learning.

Then Teddy's mother put feathers in their hats and tied calico sashes across their breasts, with the ends hanging down at the side. Jamie's was blue, Dudley's, yellow, and Teddy's was red.

Then Teddy's mother up on the porch would call out, "One two, three—Go!" and away one of them would rush, on his

horse, holding his pole even with his shoulder and pointing at the rings.

Teddy looked up and kissed his hand to his mother, just as he started. When Jamie's turn came he was so excited he ran too fast to get many rings; and as Dudley was too fat to run fast, he caught more rings than anybody else. Teddy said that "Billie" got scared, and "carried on" so, he could not do a thing.

But they certainly, all three, had a good time.

And while they were warm and tired, Mandy brought out a tray of something nice, and set it down on the large, flat rock under the apple-tree. There were three little tumblers of raspberry-shrub, and a plate of tea-cakes—but they were not there long!

Ida J. Bane.

DIFFERENCE IN TASTES.

THERE are plenty of things that love the rain
And relish a thorough wetting,
They laugh and sing in a driving storm,
For their hearts' delight they're getting.
"More wet! more wet!" croaks the frog in the pond;
"More water! more water!" the flowers;
"You never can fall too long for me!"
Cries the thirsty dust to the showers;

The puddle dimples at every drop;
The yellow-billed ducks go swimming;
The leaves of the trees are clapping their hands;
With laughter the brook is brimming;
The grasses welcome the pit-a-pat,
For beauty and strength they're gaining;
But Water-cart mopes by himself at home,
For he can't go out when it's raining!

Nora Archibald Smith.

AN EXPERIENCED COOK.

I THINK I could make a beautiful cake,
It's easy to do, my mama has said;
And, if I should try, I could make a pie—
For, just think! this morning I toasted the bread!

Jessie L. Britton.

THE SEA CAPTAIN'S CHILDREN.

CHAPTER V.—In the Old Red Fort.

THE next day after Judy's "ducking," after the regular visit to their own squashes and Mary Ellen's the children went on up to the old fort; to play "tag" round the old fort was always good fun. Then, besides, there was always the mystery of the old fort itself. To stand at the entrance under the old archway with its great padlock gate, was an unfailing pleasure. Never did the children want to see the inside of anything as they wanted to see the inside of this place.

But the gate was always too stout, the padlock too well locked, the blocks in the portholes all immovable.

That night Judith went to her father and said, "I do believe, father, if you'd lend us your screw-driver, and we could put it on that screw outside and screw it round and round, we could pull out those blocks and get in through the portholes."

"That would be burglary, Judith," said her father.

To borrow Captain Britton's screw-driver for the purpose of burglary was an idea to be abandoned of course.

But one day, several weeks after, the children were playing about the fort, when they saw the carpenter foreman of the new fortifications walk up to the gate with another man, and he had a bunch of keys in his hand.

The children knew this foreman very well, and they flew up to him like so many bees. "Oh, Mr. Barnard, are you going inside? Oh, do please take us! we want so much to go in! we never have been in!"

"Well, come along," said he, and he turned the key in the padlock, and Judy and Tom and Fred and Nancy passed in.

After the dark, damp archway, came a great round space where grass waved and three big trees grew; and all around the great circle the walls were more or less broken, and at regular intervals there were open archways, where all was dark if you looked through them. Blackberry vines and bushes grew

everywhere, and wild ivy and woodbine climbed to the top.

"It looks like an old enchanted castle," said Judith. "Oh, there's Mr. Barnard going up somewhere—can we go too?"

The foreman looked back. "If you'll keep close to me."

So the children began to go up the old wall, stepping upon one fallen pile of bricks after another. In a few minutes they were at the top. "My gracious!" said Judith. "You can see the whole world, 'most."

The top of the wall was perhaps ten feet broad, and round the edge ran a coping stone, a little higher than the wall. In some places they had to jump over wide gaps; but for long stretches the walk was of smooth unbroken old red sandstone.

They came to one place where they looked down on a little round house, standing by itself with walls all around it.

"That was the powder house," said Mr. Barnard.

"If I had a board I'd slant it down and get on top of that house," said Judy.

"I haven't a doubt of it," said Mr. Barnard. "That's why this fort is kept locked up."

They made the circuit of the wall, then came down at the same place where they went up.

"Now," said Mr. Barnard, "if you'll come this way, Barrows, I'll show you what I mean about the new portholes—a capital way to fasten them, easily put in, and easily taken out."

The children followed the men into a long, low, vaulted casemate. "My! isn't it dark!" said Judy.

That instant Nancy screamed and darted out of the casemate. "Oh!" she cried, "something awful, awful, flew by me!"

"Just a bat," said the foreman.

"Oh!" cried Tom, "something is walking over my foot!" and he too ran back to the entrance.

"Well," laughed Mr. Barrows, "if I were a *boy*, I wouldn't be afraid of a little toad! What a lot of scareheads you are!"

Fred and Judy stayed in the casemate. They wanted to hear what the men were saying, and it was really quite lucky that they did stay.

"You see," said the foreman, "the blocks fit exactly into the

portholes. Then this arm is fitted on to the screw. The arm is on a swivel and it can be turned so as to fasten and hold the block in the porthole."

"And how do you *un*fasten it Mr. Barnard?" asked Judy.

"Why you just turn the arm so it points from corner to corner and then that slips the block in toward you."

Then Judy and Fred ran out and began to pick blackberries —there were such a lot of them! high-bush and low-bush, black, shining, dead-ripe.

"Oh, such big ones!" called Judith from behind a pile of bricks. "Come in here!"

For a long time they picked and ate in that spot. At last Judy started up. "Mr. Barnard will wonder where we are!"

She ran out and called, "Here we are, Mr. Barnard!"

No one answered. Judy, feeling a sort of fear, ran where she could see the gate. It was shut.

"They've gone and left us!" said Fred, coming up.

She ran over to the gate, and pulled at it. But it did not move. The padlock on the outside was locked.

Fred and Judy looked at each other, scared.

"He *has* gone and left us," said Judy, "sure."

"It is all your fault, Judy," said Fred. "You called us all to come and pick berries behind that pile of bricks, and he couldn't see us. He thought we were gone. It's just all your fault!"

Judy looked at him, in trouble. "Dear me," said she, "I suppose it *is*. I do wish I hadn't gone to pick berries."

When Fred saw how bad Judy felt, he was ashamed and sorry. "Well, Judy," he said, "we'll get out somehow."

Then Nancy and Tom came up. Nancy sat down on a stone and began to cry as soon as she heard that the gate was locked and Mr. Barnard gone. Tom looked as if he would cry too.

All at once Fred began to climb up the wall. Judy started to follow him, but at that Tom and Nancy screamed. "Oh, don't go, Judy! we won't stay here alone! We just won't!"

All four climbed to the top together. They stood in a bunch on the broad walk, and looked down.

Long years before, earthworks had been thrown up all

around the fort; but for years and years they had been covered thick with trees that had grown up on them, pines and black beeches. They stood close and some were very tall. The children could look over these trees, but could not see at all the driveway that was on the other side of them.

They heard one or two carriages drive by, and called, but no one heard them.

Suddenly Judy said, "I know how we can get out. We can go down and turn one of those arms in the portholes and go out of a porthole."

"Oh!" screamed out Nancy, "I won't go into that place again if I stay here forever!"

"And *I* won't either!" said Tom.

"Tom," said Judith, "if you are going to be a soldier you can't be afraid of bats and toads. It's silly, too—and besides toads do a great deal of good. It's the only way to get out—come on!"

Judy began to climb down. Nancy, poor little Nancy—she took a step or two, then she stumbled because she was blind with her tears. She sat down where she was, and cried as loud as she could. Judy went back and took her hand, and led her and tried to comfort her, but as soon as they were down Nancy sat down in a little heap with her face pressed close to the gate. And Tom came and sat down beside her. And it was little use for Judy to try to comfort either of them.

"Come on, Judy," said Fred. "Let's try to get a porthole open. It's growing dark."

"See here, wait a minute," said Judy. "Father said it would be like a burglary to unscrew a screw to get in—I wonder if it would be wrong to unscrew them to get out? He said it would be breaking and entering."

"Oh, come on," said Fred. "Anyway this isn't 'breaking and entering'—it's breaking and outering, Judy."

So Judy and Fred went into the casemate where they had been with the men. They had to wait a minute or two before they could see where the closed portholes were.

"Now, Fred, pull down, and turn it to a corner!"

"CAN WE GO IN TOO, MR. BARNARD?"

Both pulled the arm with all their strength, and even hung on the bar with all their weight, but the arm only "skreeked" a little. It would not move. "Let's take the next one," said Fred.

So they went on to the next one, and that was just as stiff, and they tried another and another, until they were at the last one in the casemate.

"We must begin back and try the first one," said Judy, "That first one is the only one that even skreeked."

They went first, out to the gate. Tom and Nancy were crying. "Do you think we'll ever get out, in this world?" said Nancy.

"Oh, my, yes!" said Judy, "There'll be a great hullaballo if we don't come home by dark, and we can just sit down by the gate here, and call when they come round with lanterns."

Then they went back to the first porthole. It "skreeked," but didn't move.

"Let's push *up*, this time round," said Fred.

So they pushed *up*, with all their might and the arm gave way; so suddenly they lost their balance and fell over each other.

"Ouch!" said Fred, "I've barked my shin *fine*!"

"And my elbow is bleeding, I guess—its all wet," said Judy, "Now lets pull!—*even*, so it won't catch."

So they pulled, and the block loosened a little. But it was very heavy, and they tugged a long time before the block began to come toward them. But when at the very edge it fell of its own weight to the ground at their feet—luckily not *on* their feet. The welcome light streamed in.

"Come on!" shouted Fred. "We've got it out!"

Tom and Nancy rushed to them, and Judy said, "Tom, we'll put you out first—then you'll be there to help Nancy down."

The wall was fully three feet thick. The edge of the porthole was just even with Tom's chin, and Judy and Fred had to "boost" hard. He couldn't kneel, as the porthole was too low, so they put him in, head-first, on his stomach.

Tom bore it all, though his hands and face both were scraped, until his head went over the outside edge. Then he shouted "Pull me back! I'll drop out on my head, don't you see?"

"To be sure you would," said Judy compassionately, and they

pulled him back. Then she and Fred lifted him and put him in feet-first. He soon wriggled through and dropped outside.

"I'm all right. Put Nancy out now."

They put Nancy in, and she wriggled through, and Tom eased her down outside. "Now you," said Fred.

"No indeed—you;" said Judy. Judy *wanted* to go first, for she felt really weak with pushing and pulling and lifting. But she choked back a sort of lump in her throat, and said, "You must go first, Fred, only I'm afraid I can't boost you much."

"See here," said Fred. He dragged close to the wall the block they had pulled out. "We can step on this thing—you know *you've* got to get out all alone! Watch how I manage."

Stepping on the block, he managed to get one knee up in the porthole. Then he screwed himself round in some marvellous way until his feet were toward the outside, and then he was soon out.

Judith made haste to follow him. It was getting darker every minute in the casemate. But when she first stepped on the block she was in such a hurry that she slipped down between the block and the wall.

At last she got her knee up, as Fred had his. But when she tried to turn around she came very near to pitching on her head, down into the casemate again. At last she got her feet turned round the right way, and pushed herself through.

Then Judy sat down in the grass and cried.

"What are you crying for *now*?" said Nancy.

"I don't know," said Judy. "Come, let's go home."

As they ran out on the other side of the old earthworks, Captain Britton came driving by, and he stopped and took them in. They told their story with great excitement.

"Well, you have been in the fort at last," Captain Britton said laughing. "Mr. Barnard probably forgot all about you when you were out of his sight."

So it proved. Mr. Barnard was very sorry indeed when he was told that he had locked the children into the fort, and he came over and told them so.

(*To be concluded.*)

Katherine B. Foot.

HE'S AS HAPPY AS A KING !

BOBBY'S POCKET.

OUR Bobby is a little boy, of six years old, or so;
And every kind of rubbish in his pocket he will stow.

One day he thought he'd empty it (so he again could stock it;)
And here's an alphabet of what was found in Bobby's pocket.

A was a rosy *A*pple, with some bites out, here and there;
B was a bouncing rubber *B*all that bounded in the air.

C was a crispy crusty *C*ake with citron on the top;
D was a dancing *D*onkey that could jump around and hop.

E was a little robin's *E*gg, all speckled blue and brown;
F was a fluffy *F*eather that was white and soft as down.

G was a lively *G*rasshopper, whose legs and wings were green;
H was a grimy *H*andkerchief that once perhaps was clean.

I was a plaster *I*mage that had lost its plaster head;
J was a jolly *J*umping-*J*ack all painted blue and red.

K was a keen and shining *K*nife, 'twould cut the toughest bark;
L was a little wooden *L*ion, strayed out of Noah's Ark.

RUBBISH IN HIS POCKETS HE WILL STOW.

M was a *M*arble, large and round, with colors bright and clear;
N was a bent and rusty *N*ail, of little use, I fear.

O was a tiny *O*il-can, which was always upside down;
P was a *P*enny Bob had saved to spend some day in town.

Q was a *Q*uilted ear-tab, which has lost its velvet mate;
R was a *R*ing with a glassy gem of wondrous size and weight.

S was a *S*tring, a piece of *S*oap, a *S*tone, a *S*ponge, a *S*tick;
T was a lump of *T*affy, exceeding soft and thick.

U, an *U*mbrella-handle, of silver-mounted horn;
V was a comic *V*alentine, a little creased and worn.

W was some sticky *W*ax, lovely to pinch and mold;
X was an old *X*press receipt, worn out in every fold.

Y was a lot of *Y*ellow *Y*arn, all bunched up like a mop;
Z was a jagged piece of *Z*inc, found in a plumber's shop.

All these are Bob's possessions; he loves every single thing;
And owning all these treasures he's as happy as a King!

Carolyn Wells.

THE CAT THAT WENT A-MARKETING.

(*A Little Boy's Bed-Time Story.*)

THIS is a story of what really happened, some two hundred years ago, when the Quakers came from England to find a home in the New World. They hoped they would be allowed here to do what they thought was right. So many people came in ships at once that there were not houses enough for them to live in.

Among the Quakers who came to Pennsylvania was a man and his wife who decided to live in a tent near the bank of the Delaware River until they could build a house. The woman helped her husband build the house. She worked very hard. She helped at one end of the saw when he sawed logs, and she carried water for him to make the mortar when he built the chimney.

One day she was so tired and discouraged that she could hardly keep from crying. Her husband saw this and he spoke to her kindly and said that she better stop work and "think about getting dinner."

So she went into the tent. She had only a little bread and cheese to get dinner with. She did not know where to look for a better dinner, and she knew her husband was hungry and ought to have a good dinner. Truly, she was very unhappy and discouraged.

But someone had gone a-marketing. Who do you think it was?

The pussy-cat she had brought from her old home in England.

While she was resting and trying to be patient and contented and not to cry, the pussy-cat sprang into the tent, and brought a very large fat rabbit which it had caught, and laid it down at her feet!

She lost no time in preparing the rabbit for dinner, and when her husband came into the tent at noon, she set a good meal before him.

Years afterward, when this Quakeress lived in her own comfortable house, she had a picture of a cat with a rabbit in its paws engraved upon a silver soup-tureen. She lived to be old and wanted her family to take great care of the tureen, and to remember how the English pussy-cat brought her a dinner when she needed it so badly. The silver tureen with the engraving of the cat and the rabbit on it was in the family for many years.

A little brother who likes to listen to this true story when bed-time comes, always asks the very same question when he hears that the Quakeress cooked the rabbit for her husband's dinner.

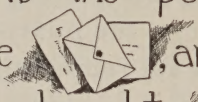
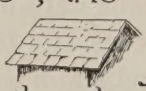
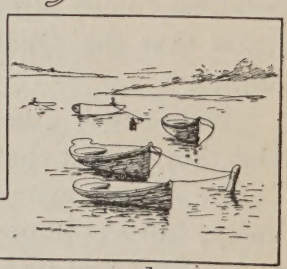
"Didn't they give the cat anything to eat? *It* was hungry. Did they give it the ears and tail to eat?"

The mother, who tells him the story, is sorry that she doesn't know; but she hopes that those people were as kind-hearted as her little son, and did not forget to give some dinner to the hungry cat that went a-marketing, and then dutifully brought the nice fat rabbit it had caught to lay at its mistress' feet.

Jean Fraley Hallowell.

WHERE WAS THE LITTLE WHITE DOG?

XI

They drove merrily down the road, Teddy and the little old lady, to Pineyport. And they went to the post-office, and got the  , and they went to the market, and bought and and , and to the dry-goods store and bought and pins. And everywhere the old lady asked if anyone could tell where the little belonged, and no one knew. So they drove on further. And by and by things began to look familiar to Teddy. He saw the where the Little Girl lived, and - yes, the sitting on the  He saw the river with the  on it, floating up and down in the sun.

And he saw the cottage where the little

lived, and he began to bark and jump up and down on the

till the old lady said, "Dear, dear, what's the matter, doggie?" And then he saw somebody with a white

and

, and a

on her arm, walking along the road. And that was Hannah, the maid, who lived at Grandpapa's house. Then Teddy could not bear it any longer. He gave a great jump over the

out into the road. "Dear, dear!" cried the little old lady again. But before she could stop the

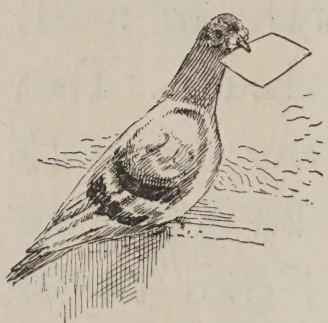
where was the little white

but running away down the road, and jumping almost into the arms of Hannah, the maid!

PRINCESS FLUFF.

(The Roggie and Reggie Stories.)

"COME QUICK!"



HERE IS THE PIGEON.

THEY READ THE LETTER

AND one day Roggie's and Reggie's Mama said, "Oh, come out ont he piazza! come quick!"

And Roggie and Reggie ran out on the piazza and they found—what do you think they found? They found a carrier pigeon with a letter in his bill!

And Roggie clapped his hands and said, "Oh, I know whose pigeon that is! It's the little Booboo's pigeon that my papa gave him."

And Reggie said, "Yes, it's Robbie's own little pigeon that my papa gave him!"

And Mama took the letter out of the pigeon's bill where she had put it the moment before. The pigeon had brought it on its leg. And she sat down on a little chair on the piazza, and Roggie and Reggie stood by her side, and she opened the letter and read it.

"Dear little Roggie, and dear little Reggie: If you will come over to my house this morning I will show you my new tame owl.

Your little friend

Robbie."

And Roggie and Reggie both said, "Oh, may we go and see the little Booboo's tame owl, Mama?"

And Mama said, "Yes, of course you may go, little dears, and see that new tame owl."

And in a little while Roggie and Reggie were bobbing along in their little red nanny-cart to Robbie's. And when they came to Robbie's house there he stood at the gate waving his cap in the air.

"Hello!" he called. "How do you do, you two? How do you do?"

And down the garden path the dear big Booboo came running and waving his cap in the air.

"Hello!" he called, "How do you do you two? how do you do?"

And they all went out to the big red barn together—hand in hand together—the big Booboo and the little Booboo and dear little Roggie and Reggie. And there was the new tame owl!

And the little Booboo said, "Here she is! Her name is Princess Fluff and isn't she a beauty?"

And Roggie said, "Oh, doesn't she look wise, in her round funny eyes?"

And Reggie said, "Oh, doesn't she look wise?"

And the big Booboo laughed and said, "Indeed she *is* a wise young lady! Come, Princess Fluff, come out in the garden to tea with Robbie and Reggie and Roggie and me."

And what do you think that wise owl did?

Why, she flew right down from her

OFF TO SEE THE OWL.

GOING TO THE BARN.

PRINCESS FLUFF.

DOWN THE GARDEN PATH.

IN THE ARBOR.

PRINCESS FLUFF BOWING.

perch—and, oh, how Roggie laughed, and, oh, how Reggie laughed, to see that fluffy big owl follow the dear little Booboo, as they went down the garden path. And they all went down to the beautiful arbor, and there was a nice little supper, on a nice little table, a nice little supper—chicken, and raspberry tarts and chocolate, and rolls and butter.

And oh, how Roggie laughed, and oh, how Reggie laughed—that fluffy big owl sat up in a high-chair, right up at the supper-table in her own little high-chair! And she had her own little plate and her own little napkin. Oh, she did look so funny, and cunning and dear!

And Princess Fluff sat in her high-chair and ate whatever was set before her and never said a word, no, no, not a word!

And Roggie said, "What would she say if she could speak I wonder! what *would* she say?"

And Reggie said, "What would she say, I wonder!"

And the big Booboo laughed and said, "Oh, no doubt she would say—'It is a beautiful day to have our tea out here in the garden!'"

And the little Booboo said, "Would you say that if you could speak, Princess Fluff?"

And Princess Fluff bowed her head!

Gertrude Smith.

AFTER
THE BATH.

Dainty clothes and tender skin
Need pure soap to wash them in.
Nurse and mother must be sure
Baby's bath is sweet and pure.

A child fresh from its bath in clean dainty clothes is a suggestion of Ivory Soap. All dainty washable things may be restored to their original freshness without injury, by use of Ivory Soap.

Any person wishing an enlarged copy of this picture may mail to us 10 Ivory Soap Wrappers, on receipt of which we will send a copy (without printing) on enamel plate paper, 14 x 17 inches, a suitable size for framing. THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO. CINCINNATI.

COPYRIGHT 1899 BY THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO. CINCINNATI

THE NEW PREMIUM.

Last month the publisher mentioned a new premium which was in preparation for LITTLE FOLKS subscribers.

The new premium will consist of one hundred beautiful reproductions of great paintings, famous people, historical scenes and events and remarkable scenery. These engravings have been made at great expense, and the utmost care has been used in selecting the subjects. They cannot fail to delight every member of the household. The plates will be very carefully printed on paper made especially for this purpose.

Some people have expressed great surprise that the publisher of LITTLE FOLKS can give such a valuable present for *one and two* subscribers. It would not be possible unless a very large edition were made and then only because the publisher is so anxious to make LITTLE FOLKS known everywhere that he is willing to give the value of the first year's receipts from new subscribers. He believes LITTLE FOLKS is so good a magazine that no mother who has had it one year will feel that she can do without it as long as there are children in the family to enjoy it.

These engravings will be ready about October 1st and will be put up in an attractive portfolio. When they are ready, a letter giving full particulars will be sent by mail to each subscriber and with it will be sent a small photographic copy of each picture, sufficient to give some idea of the large engravings.

This premium can only be secured by those who are subscribers. It will not be sold and it will not be given for any subscription to be sent to families where there are no young children who would be likely to wish the magazine another year.

The next number—the October number—will complete the second year of LITTLE FOLKS, and in that number the Editors will tell something about the good things they have prepared for the third year.

SALEM, OHIO

Dear Little Folks:—I am a little girl eight years old. I have a pony and two rabbits and a dog. I have had the rabbits two years. I like you very much. *Rose Wilhelmina Mullins.*

BRATTLEBORO, VT.

Dear Little Folks:—I am a little girl five years old, and I like you very much. My grandma gave you to me last Christmas and I think you are the best of all my presents. I watch for you every month, and as soon as you come, my mama reads the stories to me. I like best the "Little White Dog" and "Billy Boy Brown" and "The Live Doll" and "Bobby's Rainbow Bath." My little Cousin Roger, who is four years old, likes "Roggie and Reggie" best of all, and he says those little boys *did just right* to throw their pants into the brook! I thought the "Baby Show" was very pretty. I have a baby brother and I should like to send his picture to be in the next Baby Show, if you can use it. [Yes.] *Adele A. Cowles.*

MEREDITH, N. H.

Dear Little Folks:—I think you are a very nice Magazine. I have a "Witch doll" like the little girl in the story. My sister brought her from Salem, Mass. I have been sick almost three months. I had the whooping cough and coughed so hard that I broke a blood vessel in my nose and I had to lie in bed a long time, but I am getting better now. I went out on my piazza Friday, April 14, for the first time for almost all winter. I am glad the snow is going. I guess most all little people are. I have one brother and one sister. I was ten years old the 7th of last July. My brother's birthday is the 4th of July. I have taken *Little Folks* one year and this year will make the second year. *M. Blanche Knowles.*

DALLAS, TEXAS.

Dear Little Folks:—Our Aunt Kate who lives in Buffalo, N. Y., has been sending you to us two years as a Christmas present. I am seven years old. Will is five, and our sister Florence is nine We have all just got over the measles. While we were sick, Mama read to us all the time, until we almost know the "Little Folks" by heart. I like "Roggie and Reggie." Will says, he likes the "Black Cat." Mama says she is going to send you our picture for the Baby Show. I had a big laugh ever Billy Button this week. *John Leander Babcock.*

DR. FAHRNEY'S TEETHING SYRUP

is preferred by mothers because it is perfectly harmless to the most delicate infant. Not an atom of injurious drugs in a gallon of it. It takes baby through the entire period of teething in comparative comfort. Cures colic in ten minutes; relieves indigestion; cures sour stomach, and is widely recommended for cholera infantum. **Trial bottle will be sent free if you mention this paper.** Address DRS. D. FAHRNEY & SON, HAGERSTOWN, MD.

Frye's Remedy **"QUICKSTEP"** is sure to cure **Rheumatism** In all of its forms.

A CERTAIN REMEDY FOR

Headache,
Insomnia,
Dyspepsia,
Indigestion,
Constipation.

SUFFERED EIGHTEEN YEARS, NOW IMPROVING.

FRYE'S REMEDY CO., CALAIS, ME., April 26, 1898.

Dear Sirs:—I have been a sufferer from rheumatism for 18 years; at times could not get around at all. A friend of mine was cured by "Quickstep," and I procured some. After a few doses, I am wonderfully improved, and at the same rate of improvement I shall be well in a very few days. I feel ten years younger. W. D. SMITH.

Pamphlet and Testimonials for the asking.

At Druggists, or sent on receipt of $1.00, *mail or express prepaid by* FRYE'S REMEDY CO., 105 Summer St., Boston.

BY DE FREGGER.

Mothers of young Children find that for Successful Treatment of Whooping-Cough or Croup so fatal to young infants.

They Must Use

DELAVAU'S REMEDY

50 Cents a Bottle. At all druggists. It never fails.

LAPONTAINE, KANS.

Dear Little Folks:—My Sister has taken you one year and a half, and we all like you—O, so very much! You are indeed welcome in our home. I am a large girl but I will write anyhow. I am seventeen years old! I would like to see letters from the big girls too. I think the little girls and boys do fine! I like to read the stories exceedingly well. Good-bye, dear *Little Folks.*

Fannie Certaine.

(II.)

Dear Little Folks:—*I* am a little girl almost nine years old. I have taken you over a year. I love you very dearly. I wish you came once a week. I have two dolls and three kitties, and some guinea eggs setting. We are going to have Children's Day exercises; intended to have them last Sunday but it rained us out. I like "Roggie and Reggie Stories" awful well, but I can't tell which one I love the best. I think all of them are fine. I live two and a half miles from school. I am in the third reader. I will close praising *Little Folks* and wishing you good luck.

Dolly Certaine.

(III.)

Dear Little Folks:—My sisters Fannie and Dollie are writing, so I will have Fannie write a little letter for me. I am four years old, and a regular little Dutchman to talk! I have two dolls, and a little baby sister just one year old.

Elda Curtaine.

Dear Little Folks:—I will write too as my friends are writing. I live with my brother-in-law. We live close to a creek and I tell you, boys, I love to fish, but I hardly ever catch anything! Yet one day I caught eight big fish. I like you, *Little Folks*, very much. Good-bye.

Aaron Cooper.

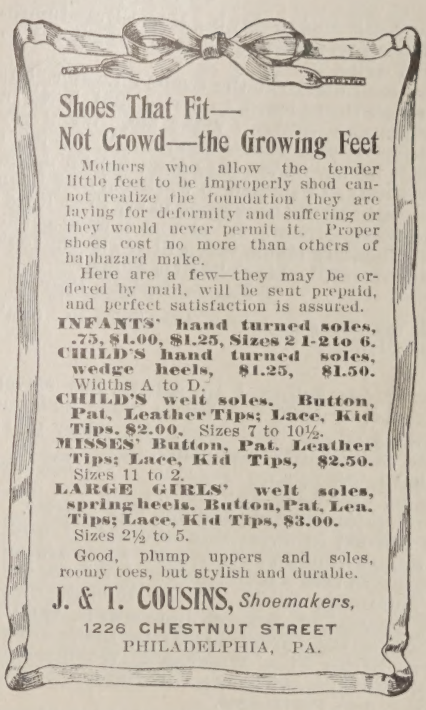
BARRE PLAINS, MASS.

Dear Little Folks:—I am seven years old and I think a great deal of my Magazines and keep them in file. Now I have a brother who will be three years old the Seventh of July and I send you a picture for the book, the July book, if not too late, for his birth-day comes in that month. You always have pictures of pretty children in *Little Folks* and such nice stories! Is not my brother a darling? Please, Mr. Cassino, try to have the picture on the outside. Thank you very much for sending me such a fine Magazine. And if you put my brother's picture in, Mr. Cassino, I shall always keep the book even when I am a man. [The little brother's portrait shall be in the next Baby Show. *Editor.*] *Chamberlain Brown.*

HORINE, MO.

Dear Little Folks:—I am a little girl nine years old. I have been wanting to write for a long time, but mamma would not let me. I cannot write very good but I can read and spell very well. My sister is ten. We have been taking *Little Folks* for two years, we like you better than anything else we have got. I think every little girl should have Little Folks.

May Ethel Rockwell.


Shoes That Fit—
Not Crowd—the Growing Feet
Mothers who allow the tender little feet to be improperly shod cannot realize the foundation they are laying for deformity and suffering or they would never permit it. Proper shoes cost no more than others of haphazard make.
Here are a few—they may be ordered by mail, will be sent prepaid, and perfect satisfaction is assured.
INFANTS' hand turned soles, .75, $1.00, $1.25, Sizes 2 1-2 to 6.
CHILD'S hand turned soles, wedge heels, $1.25, $1.50. Widths A to D.
CHILD'S welt soles. Button, Pat. Leather Tips; Lace, Kid Tips, $2.00. Sizes 7 to 10½.
MISSES' Button, Pat. Leather Tips; Lace, Kid Tips, $2.50. Sizes 11 to 2.
LARGE GIRLS' welt soles, spring heels. Button, Pat. Lea. Tips; Lace, Kid Tips, $3.00. Sizes 2½ to 5.
Good, plump uppers and soles, roomy toes, but stylish and durable.
J. & T. COUSINS, Shoemakers,
1226 CHESTNUT STREET
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

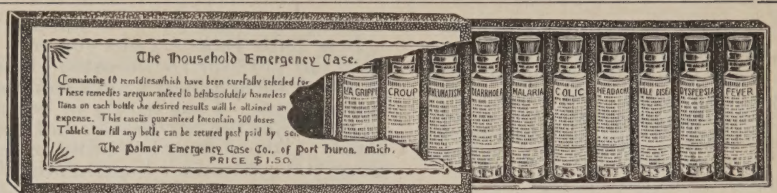
Little Folks Annual

The first volume of Little Folks bound in strong, handsome covers, makes the best book ever issued for children. The book will be sent

Postpaid for $1.50.

It will be sent free to any subscriber sending three new subscriptions at $1.00 each.

S. E. CASSINO,
Salem or Boston, Mass.


The Household Emergency Case.
Consisting 10 remedies which have been carefully selected for
These remedies are guaranteed to be absolutely harmless
Plans on each bottle the desired results will be obtained at
expense. This case is guaranteed to contain 500 doses
Tablets for fill any bottle can be secured post paid by
The Palmer Emergency Case Co., of Port Huron, Mich.
PRICE $1.50
CROUP
RHEUMATISM
DIARRHOEA
MALARIA
COLIC
HEADACHE
DYSPEPSIA
FEVER

THE HOUSEHOLD EMERGENCY CASE is a necessity in every home where there are children. **A mother can save her child** much suffering, and many times its life, by having remedies at hand for the ailments of childhood. Those who live some distance from a physician can save the price of several cases by prescribing for the simple ailments of the family, which, **if neglected, may prove serious.** Neglect to care for yourself and you are soon sick. **"An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."**

It contains 10 bottles of Remedies which have been carefully selected by a skilled physician; each bottle contains 50 Tablets, making 500 Tablet Doses of Medicine.

Every bottle has full directions for use of Remedy, so that any one who can read will be able to use them intelligently and with safety. The range is broad, viz —Constipation, Female Diseases, Colic, Headache, Dyspepsia, Fever, Malaria, Diarrhœa, Rheumatism, Croup. *Tablets to refill any bottle can be secured* by sending *Name of Remedy* and 25 cents.

This Case will be sent postpaid to any address on receipt of price, $1.50, by
THE PALMER EMERGENCY CASE CO., Port Huron, Mich.

SALESMEN WANTED IN EVERY COUNTY IN THE U. S.

JACKSBORO, TEX.

Dear Little Folks:—Here is a little boy, seven years old, who likes to read you. I went to school only three weeks. Mama teaches me at home, and I can read your stories real well. I enjoy riding our horse. Papa gave me a little saddle on my birthday last year.

John Aynes Brown.

JACKSBORO, TEXAS.

Dear Little Folks:—I am a little boy nearly eight years old and just beginning to learn to write on my papa's typewriter. I have never been to school yet, but have been to a Kindergarten school, a little while, and I like it very well. My papa says he will let me start to school next September. I want to go, so I can learn to be a smart man, just like the Editor of "Little Folks" I will write to you often, if I can get a chance.

Eugene H. Nicholson.

BELOIT, WIS.

Dear Little Folks:—I like you very well. I can't hardly wait till you come. I like "Roggie and Reggie" best and "Capiain Kidd's treasures." I have to speak at Sunday School rally. By and by we are going to Troy Lake. When we come home we are going to Belvideer. I have a little sister Nellie, and we both have wheels and we ride them all the time.

Ruth Tower.

AFTON, N. Y.

Dear Little Folks:—I was eight years old the 12th of May, and for birthday present Papa gave me *Little Folks*, and a bag of candy, Vivian gave me a very nice doll, Irving gave me his picture and mama gave me a picture frame, and a pair of shoes. I like all the "Roggie and Reggie stories," and all the "Where was the Little White Dog" stories. In the April number I like "The Pastry Cook," "My Witch Doll," and "What Ethel heard at night" best, and in the June number, "Mr. Nutt's dog Ned," and "Lions by the Way" but guess I like them all about as well as any. I like the letter bag *very* much.

H. Beatrice Krum.

RANKIN, ILLS.

My Dear Little Folks:—I was six years old in April on Easter Sunday. I have a little brother Roscoe, and Mama and Grandma read you all through as soon as you come. We like you ever so much better than we used to like "*The Nursery.*" We have a tent and a swing, a Red Robin, 12 little pigs (6 black and 6 white) besides lots of little Pigeons and Kittens. We tied ribbons and bells on two this morning, and put some Bantam eggs under and old hen; we also have a sweet canary bird.

Dorothy Winifred Sloan.

IS BABY WORTH 50 CENTS?

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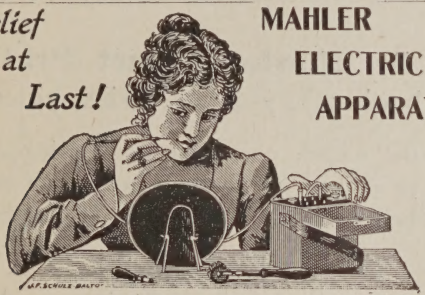

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